

Note from Stan Bloom

While in the 131st MI Company in 1971-72 we were fortunate in having our own party Officer. Gary Prosser played the guitar and knew the words to all these songs. For the price of a few beers or more he would attend any party we could conceive of, and play music too. During one of our rare sober moments a few of us, fearing that we would forget the words conceived the idea that Gary Prosser, John Killackey and Richard Miller would write down all the words and we would publish a song book. Not typing or knowing anything about publishing (while at Fort Huachuca after the war I borrowed a mimeograph machine from the church and Printed a crude copy on the mimeograph) As I didn't type I enlisted the wife of Mike Castro to type the stencils. As you can see she couldn't type well either but we considered it Good Enough and published about a 100 copies. They have long ago been handed out to spuds that were accessible. In 1996 I scanned all the pages and used a computer to publish an updated copy that is also going to be on this disk. We have to thank Gary John and Richard for their work in writing the words down. A good project would be for someone to visit Gary Prosser in Washington State and having him record the songs and publish a cd with these songs on it. A similar project was done on other units in Vietnam by Lydia Fish and a Public TV program with Chris Christophson was made. Their CD is called (In Country). I have sent a copy of the Spud hymnal (revised computer produced) to Ms Fish several years ago. While doing a google search on the web I found a site that says I am the author of the spud Hymnal. That is not true I only tried to update it on the computer

Stan Bloom  
Rockwall TX 75032

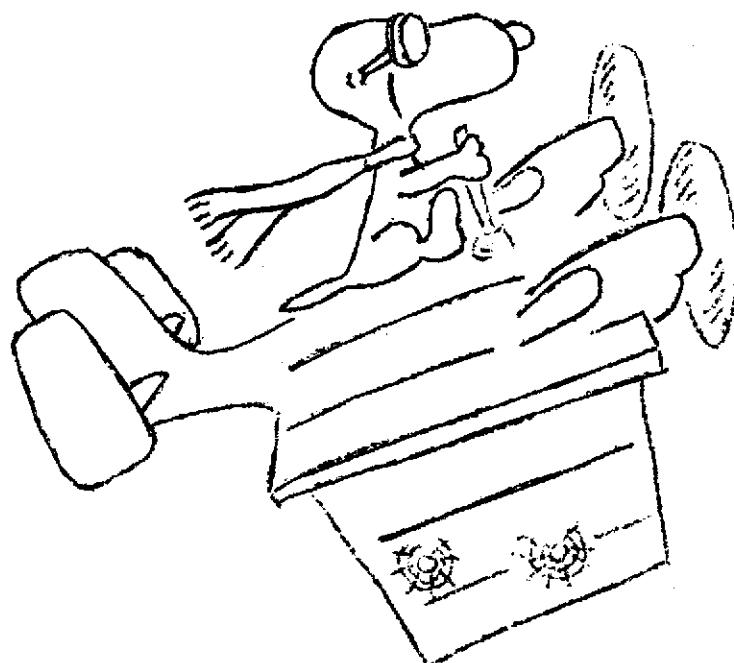
THIS IS A BEAUTIFUL WORK  
OF FICTION

ANY RESEMBLANCE TO ANY ACTUAL DATES, PLACES, OR  
PEOPLE IS JUST TOUGH SHIT, SORRY ABOUT THAT,  
THIS MAGNIFICENT SACRILEGIOUS DOCUMENT IS PUBLISHED  
FOR THE SOLE PURPOSE OF BACK-STABBING, SLANDER,  
MUCKRAKING, AND GENERAL HELL-RAISING, ANDS SHALL  
HENCEFORTH BE KNOWN AS;

THE

# SPUD HYMNAL

(HIM, HIM, FUCK HIM)



(OR -- A BRIEF WORD OF WARNING)

THE SPUD TRADITION, BEGINNING IN 1965, IS A LONG AND PROUD ONE. SINCE THE SOUTH-EAST ASIAN WAR CAMPS ARE STILL IN PROGRESS, IT SHOULD BE DULY NOTED THAT WE ARE NOT WINNING THE WAR ALL BY OURSELVES. HOWEVER, ONCE UPON A TIME, BEFORE TOP-HEAVY BUREAUCRACY AND THE AIR FORCE STUCK THEIR THUMBS IN THE PIE, THE 131ST WAS ALLOWED TO ARM THEIR MOHAWKS. THIS LASTED UNTIL THE BLOW TORCH JOCKS, WHO CAN'T HIT A BULL IN THE BUTT WITH A BASS FIDDLE, GOT A CASE OF THE ASS FIGURING THAT SINCE THEY COULDN'T HIT ANYTHING WITH THEIR GUNS AND BOMBS, THEY'D BE DAMNED IF THEY WOULD LET ANYBODY ELSE TRY TO DO IT FOR THEM. THOSE WERE THE GLORIOUS DAYS WHEN SPUD DRIVERS WERE A BOLD LOT, AND DIED A LOT.

SINCE THE NEW NOMEX WAS ALWAYS RIPPED OFF THE SUPPLY SYSTEM AND INTO THE BLACK MARKET BEFORE IT GOT AS FAR NORTH AS HUE/PHU BAI, PROUD HAWK DRIVERS WERE FORCED TO WEAR OLD REJECT AIR FORCE GRAY FLIGHT SUITS, WHICH WE DYED BLACK TO BETTER HIDE GREASY C-RATION STAINS. THEN A COUPLE OF INCIDENTS FORCED A CHANGE IN THIS SITUATION. FIRST WAS A SMALL MATTER OF AN IRON SPUD DRIVER AND HIS FEARLESS TECH OBSERVER WHO WERE SHOT DOWN IN SOME DOWNRIGHT HOSTILE COUNTRYSIDE. THE JOLLY GREENS (AIR FORCE RESCUE HH53's) CAME IN TO PICK THEM UP AND NEARLY SHOT THEM BOTH, SPOTTING THE BLACK CLOTHES. THE SECOND INCIDENT INVOLVED A COLONEL WHO TOLD US THAT BLACK FLIGHT SUITS WOULD NOT BE WORN WHILE FLYING THE OV-1. OBVIOUSLY A NARROW MINDED BASTARD, HENCE THE REFERENCE TO "HO CHI MINH WEARS NOMEX". SEEING AS HOW THE NEW NOMEX, AFTER A FEW YEARS STILL HADN'T MADE IT AS FAR FROM SAIGON AS PHU BAI, IT PUT A SCREAMING CRAMP ON GETTING ANY FLYING DONE. HOWEVER, WHEN ALL APPEARED LOST, THE HAWK DRIVERS AND T.O.'S OF THE 131ST CAME THROUGH IN GRAND TRADITIONAL STYLE... THEY STOLE WHAT THEY NEEDED. THIS MANEUVER PISSED OFF SOME SAIGON WARRIORS WHO WERE ABOUT TO SELL THE STUFF ON THE BLACK MARKET.

SO WHEN YOU SEE REFERENCES IN THE FOLLOWING PAGES TO GUNS, ROCKETS, BLACK FLYING CLOTHES, USELESS SAIGON WARRIORS, AND WORTHLESS ARMY MANAGEMENT, YOU'LL KNOW JUST WHAT IN THE WILD BILLY HELL IS COMING OFF. ALSO, SOME OF THE INCIDENTS RELATED HEREIN ARE TRUE, BUT MANY ARE BLATANT LIES. THE LANGUAGE USED HEREIN IS SHOCKING TO THE FAINT AT HEART OR THE DELICATELY RAISED. BUT ALSO INTERESTING. AND TOO, SOME SALTY O.D SAILOR OR DASHING BLOW TORCH JOCKY OR CRUSTY SOLDIER WILL STAMP THE MUD OFF HIS BOOTS AND GROWL, "THAT AIN'T THE WAY I HEERED IT." BUT THERE'LL BE A TWINKLE IN HIS EYE AND NO MALICE IN HIS STOUT HEART. THIS MISERABLE COLLECTION OF DISGUSTING FILTH SELLS FOR THE OUTRAGEOUS SUM OF NOTHING---BUT THERE IS A CAN BESIDE! THE HYMTALS-- AND WE'D APPRECIATE IT IF YOU WOULD PUT IN A LITTLE CONTRIBUTION FOR THE NEWW ORPHANAGE THAT IS BEING BUILT IN DA NANG.

CW2 PROSSER  
1LT KILLACEY  
SP5 MILLER

AND ALL OF THE SPUDS THAT CONTRIBUTED THE IR TIME AND DIRTY MINDS TO THIS  
UNDERTAKING.

TERMS AND DEFINITIONS

HAVE YOU EVER LOOKED OVER YOUR EPA AND ASKED YOURSELF, "I WONDER WHAT HE MEANS BY THIS PHRASE?" WELL PERHAPS THE FOLLOWING LIST WILL HELP.

<u>TERM</u>	<u>DEFINITION</u>
EXCEPTIONALLY WELL QUALIFIED.....	AS COMMITTED NO MAJOR BLUNDERS TO DATE
ACTIVE SOCIALLY.....	DRINKS HEAVILY
CHARACTER AND INTEGRITY ABOVE REPROACH....	STILL ONE STEP AHEAD OF THE LAW
WIFE IS ACTIVE SOCIALLY.....	SHE DRINKS TOO
ZEALOUS ATTITUDE.....	OPINIONATED
UNLIMITED POTENTIAL.....	WILL RETIRE OR BE KICKED OUT Shortly
QUICK THINKING.....	OFFERS PLAUSIBLE EXCUSES FOR ERRORS
EXCEPTIONAL FLYING ABILITY.....	HAS AN EQUAL NUMBER OF TAKE OFF'S AND LANDINGS
TAKES PRIDE IN HIS WORK.....	CONCEITED
TAKES ADVANTAGE OF EVERY OPPORTUNITY	
TO PROFESS.....	BUY'S DRINKS FOR OIC AND NCOIC'S
FORCEFUL AND AGGRESSIVE .....	ARGUMENTIVE
OUTSTANDING.....	FREQUENTLY IN THE RAIN
INDIFFERENT TO INSTRUCTIONS.....	KNOWS MORE THAN SUPERVISORS
TACTFUL WHEN DEALING WITH SUPERVISORS....	KNOWS WHEN TO KEEP HIS MOUTH SHUT
APPROACHES DIFFICULT PROBLEMS WITH	
ENTHUSIASM.....	FINDS SOMEONE ELSE TO DO THE JOB
A KEEN ANALYST.....	THOROUGHLY CONFUSED
EXPRESSES HIMSELF WELL.....	SPEAKS ENGLISH FLUENTLY
DEFINITLY NOT A DESK MAN.....	DID NOT GO TO COLLEGE
OFTEN SPENDS EXTRA HOURS ON THE JOB.....	HAS A MISERABLE HOME LIFE
A TRUE SOUTHERN GENTLEMAN.....	A HILLBILLY
METICULOUS IN ATTENTION TO DETAIL.....	A NIT PICKER
DEMONSTRATES QUALITIES OF LEADERSHIP....	AS A LOUD VOICE
JUDGMENT IS USUALLY SOUND.....	LUCKY
MAINTAINS A PROFESSIONAL ATTITUDE.....	A SNOB

VEEN SENCE OF HUMOR..... AS A VAST REPERTOIRE OF JOKES

STRONG ADHERENCE TO PRINCIPLES..... STUEBORN

CAREER MINDED..... ~~HATES~~ RESERVISTS

GETS ALONG EXTREMELY WELL WIT SUPERIORS  
AND SUBORDINATES ALIKE..... A COWARD

AVERAGE OFFICER OR NCO..... NOT TOO BRIGHT

SLIGHTLY BELOW AVERAGE..... STUPID

A VERY FINE OFFICER OF GREAT VALUE TO  
THE SER VICE..... USUALLY GETS TO WORK ON TIME

DEVELOPS A GOOD "TEAM FEELING"..... ~~HAS~~ EVERYBODY MAD AT HIM

OUTSTANDING ABILITY TO GET THE MAXIMUM  
OUT OF HIS MEN AND ALL AVAILABLE  
RESOURCES..... A SLAVEDRIVER

EXCEPTIONALLY EFFECTIVE IN THE UTILIZA-  
TION OF RESOURCES..... STINGY

OUTSTANDING ABILITY TO COMMUNICATE  
IDEAS TO OTHERS..... NEXT ASSIGNMENT -- INSTRUCTOR DUTY AT  
INDIAN HEAD

ACTIVELY SEEKS OUT ADDED RESPONSIBILITIES. BUCKING FOR PROMOTION OR JUST BEAIN  
NOSY

CORRECTLY INTERPRETS RATHER DIFFICULT  
INSTRUCTIONS..... SPELL IT OUT FOR HIM

VEEN SENCE OF HUMOR..... AS A VAST REPERTOIRE OF JOKES

STRONG ADHERENCE TO PRINCIPLES..... STUEBORN

CAREER MINDED..... ~~HATES~~ RESERVISTS

GETS ALONG EXTREMELY WELL WIT SUPERIORS  
AND SUBORDINATES ALIKE..... A COWARD

AVERAGE OFFICER OR NCO..... NOT TOO BRIGHT

SLIGHTLY BELOW AVERAGE..... STUPID

A VERY FINE OFFICER OF GREAT VALUE TO  
THE SER VICE..... USUALLY GETS TO WORK ON TIME

DEVELOPS A GOOD "TEAM FEELING"..... ~~HAS~~ EVERYBODY MAD AT HIM

OUTSTANDING ABILITY TO GET THE MAXIMUM  
OUT OF HIS MEN AND ALL AVAILABLE  
RESOURCES..... A SLAVEDRIVER

EXCEPTIONALLY EFFECTIVE IN THE UTILIZA-  
TION OF RESOURCES..... STINGY

OUTSTANDING ABILITY TO COMMUNICATE  
IDEAS TO OTHERS..... NEXT ASSIGNMENT -- INSTRUCTOR DUTY AT  
INDIAN HEAD

ACTIVELY SEEKS OUT ADDED RESPONSIBILITIES. BUCKING FOR PROMOTION OR JUST BEAIN  
NOSY

CORRECTLY INTERPRETS RATHER DIFFICULT  
INSTRUCTIONS..... SPELL IT OUT FOR HIM

MISSION DEBRIEF FORM  
USED BY FEARLESS SPUD DRIVERS

DATE \_\_\_\_\_

MISSION NUMBER \_\_\_\_\_ TIME ON TARGET \_\_\_\_\_  
DID YOU FIND TARGET AREA (CHECK ONE) YES \_\_\_\_\_ NO \_\_\_\_\_ *NOT SURE* \_\_\_\_\_

THE AIRCRAFT FELL APART: BEFORE \_\_\_\_\_ AFTER \_\_\_\_\_ TAKE-OFF \_\_\_\_\_

DID YOU RECEIVE UNFRIENDLY FIRE: YES \_\_\_\_\_ NO \_\_\_\_\_

ESTIMATED NUMBER OF ROUNDS \_\_\_\_\_ ESTIMATED NUMBER OF HITS \_\_\_\_\_

CHECK ONE OF THE FOLLOWING:

AK-47 _____	M-16 _____	SAM-2 _____	MIG-19 _____
MORTARS _____	52CAL _____	SAM-7 _____	MID 21 _____
23MM _____	57MM _____	SAM-4 _____	OTHER _____
85MM _____	100MM _____	MIG 17 _____	ALL THE ABOVE _____

DID YOU RECEIVE FRIENDLY FIRE YES \_\_\_\_\_ NO \_\_\_\_\_ (SEE LIST ABOVE)

*Did the go fire at you?* \_\_\_\_\_

AIRCRAFT PROBLEMS (CHECK APPROPRIATE ITEM)

SENSOR MAL _____	TO EJECTION SEAT _____	STRUTS FLAT _____
ENGINE(S) INOP _____	AND CANOPY MISSING _____	BUTTS FLAT _____
ENGINE(S) MISSING _____	UPPER FIRING HANDLE _____	BEERS FLAT _____
EXCESS BULLET OR _____	FAILED IN FLIGHT _____	PILOT DRUNK _____
SHRAPNEL DAMAGE _____	HYDRAULIC FAILURE _____	AUTO PILOT SLAVED TO _____
PILOT OVER-VOLTAGE _____	LIFE RAFT DEPLOYED _____	F M RADIO _____
LIGHT STAYS ON _____	INSIDE COCKPIT _____	
PANIC BUTTON INOP _____	TIRES FLAT _____	

WHY DID YOUR ABORT: EXPLAIN ALL IN DETAIL:

WEATHER \_\_\_\_\_

GROUND FIRE \_\_\_\_\_

T.O. MISSING \_\_\_\_\_

PILOT MISSING \_\_\_\_\_

AIRPLANE MISSING \_\_\_\_\_

ENGINES WON'T START \_\_\_\_\_

PILOT DEAD DRUNK \_\_\_\_\_

ADF WILL NOT TUNE AFVN \_\_\_\_\_

OTHER \_\_\_\_\_

All of above \_\_\_\_\_

PHU BAI G C A

THIS IS THE TRUE STORY OF AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF A YOUNG SPUD PILOT.

"MISS SMITH WAS BORN IN 1912 AND SHE LOST HER FATHER IN THE FIRST WORLD WAR... HER MOTHER MANAGED TO KEEP THE FAMILY TOGETHER AND MISS SMITH GOT MARRIED IN 1939 AND BECAME MRS JONES. MR JONES BECOME SERGEANT JONES AND WENT TO WAR AND IN TWO YEARS MRS JONES GOT A TELEGRAM TELLING HER THAT SHE WAS NOW THE WIDOW JONES... WELL THE WIDOW JONES STRUGGLED AND KEPT HER FAMILY AND WHEN HER SON JOHNNY GREW UP HE JOINED THE ARMY AND WENT INTO ARMY AVIATION... THEN HE WENT TO VIET NAM AND BECAME A SPUD... EVERY DAY THE WIDOW JONES WENT TO THE MAILBOX AND PULLED OUT A LETTER FROM JOHNNY... THE ONE DAY THE LETTER DIDN'T COME... THE NEXT DAY THERE WAS A KNOCK AT THE DOOR 'KNOCK, KNOCK' THE WIDOW JONES WENT TO THE DOOR AND THERE STOOD A MAN IN UNIFORM..."OH WONDERFUL" THE WIDOW JONES DID SAY " YOU MUST BE THE NEW POSTMAN WITH A LETTER FROM MY SON". "NO MADAM, THIS IS A RATHER SPECIAL TELEGRAM" THE MAN IN UNIFORM SAID. "OH, I KNOW ITS A SINGING TELEGRAM, A SINGING TELEGRAM FROM MY SON." "WELL, MA'AM IT'S NOT EXACTLY A SINGING TELEGRAM" THE MAN IN UNIFORM SAID. "OH YES, I JUST KNOW THAT ITS A SINGING TELEGRAM---PLEASE MR TELEGRAM MAN SING ME MY TELEGRAM..."

AND THIS IS WHAT THE MAN IN UNIFORM SANG:

YOUR SON IS DEAD, THEY SAY--HE BOUGHT THE FARM TODAY,  
HE GOT BELOW GLIDESLOPE ON THE PHU BAI G C A  
AND NOW HE'S ON THE GROUND, HE'S SORT OF SPREAD AROUND  
WHAT....MORE...CAN....I ...SAY....

(CHORUS)

YOUR...SONS COMIN HOME IN A BODY BAG, DOO DAH, DOO DAH  
YUHR SONS COMING HOME IN A BODY BAG, DOO DAH, DOO DAH DAY  
SHOT THROUGH THE HEAD---THAT MOTHERFUCKERS DEAD  
YOUR SONS COMING HOME IN A BODY BAG, OH DOO DAH DAY

AND THE GRIEVING WIDOW SAID " HOW DID MY SON GO?"

STRAIGHT DOWN !

"WELL, WHAT WAS MY SON DOING?"

300 KNOTS!

(CHORUS)

WILL L'VE GOT A JOB IN THE ONE THIRTY FIRST, DOO DAH, DOO DAH,  
I'M TAKING BETS ON WHO'LL DIE FIRST, OH, DOO DAH DAY  
WILL IT BE IR? NO, PERHAPS ITS SLAR.  
YOUR SONS COMING HOME IN A BODY BAG, ALL THE DOO DAH DAY

DON'T WRAP 'EM, BAG 'EM!! IN BAGGIES!!!

MARBLE MOUNTAIN BLUES

(TUNE OF "ORANGE BLOSSOM SPECIAL")

WELL, I HEAR THAT PLANE A-LEAVING, IT JUST FLEW ROUND THE BEND  
I AIN'T SEEN THE WORLD SINCE I DON'T REMEMBER WHEN  
WELL, I'M STUCK AT MARBLE MOUNTAIN, AND TIME KEEPS DRAGGIN' ON,  
I SEE THAT PLANE A-LEAVIN', HEADED DOWN TO OLD SAIGON.

WELL, JUST WHEN I WAS EIGHTEEN, MY MAMMA SAID, "HEY SON  
DON'T GO INTO THE ARMY, AND YOUR WON'T WIND UP IN 'NAN,  
WELL, I WENT ON AND ENLISTED, GUESS WHERE I AM TODAY,  
NOW I WISH THAT C-130, WOULD CARRY MY BLUES AWAY?

WELL, IF THEY FREED ME FROM OLD MARBLE, IF THAT 130 WAS MINE,  
YOU CAN BET I'D FLY IT ON A WHOLE LOT FARTHER DOWN THE LINE,  
WELL, AS FAR FROM MARBLE MOUNTAIN, THAT'S WHERE I WANT TO STAY--  
AND LET THAT SEVEN FORTY SEVEN, TAKE ME TO THE USA.

WELL, I'LL BET MY BROTHER'S DRIVIN' A BRAND NEW SHINY VETTE,  
WHILE I'M STUCK HERE AT MARBLE, GETTIN' MY ASS SOAKING WET  
WELL, I'M STUCK AT MARBLE MOUNTAIN AND THAT'S WHERE I'LL REMAIN  
TILL THAT SEVEN FORTY SEVEN, TAKES ME TO THE USA.

I DON'T WANT TO JOIN THE ARMY

OH, I DON'T WANT TO JOIN THE ARMY, I DON'T WANT TO GO TO WAR,  
I WOULD RATHER HANG AROUND THE PICCADILLY UNDERGROUND,  
LIVIN' OFF THE EARNINGS OF A HIGH CLASS LADY,

I DON'T WANT A BULLET UP ME ARSE-HOLE, I DON'T WANT ME BUTTOCKS SHOT AWAY  
I'D RATHER STAY IN LONDON, IN BLIMEY, BLIMEY LONDON,  
AND FORNICKATE ME BLOOMIN' LIFE AWAY, OF BLIMEY

MONDAY I GRABBED HER BY THE ANKLES, TUESDAY I GRABBED HER BY THE KNEE,  
WEDNESDAY WITH GREAT SUCCESS, I FINALLY LIFTED UP HER DRESS,  
THURSDAY I GRABBED HER BY THE THIGH, YIGH, YIGH, YIGH,  
FRIDAY I GOT ME HANDS UPON IT, SATURDAY I GAVE IT JUST A TWEK, TWEK, TWEK  
AND SUNDAY AFTER SUPPER, I RAMMED THE OLD BOU UP HER,  
AND NOW SHE'S GAININ' SEVEN POUNDS A WEEK! OH BLIMEY.

I DON'T WANT TO JOIN THE ARMY, I DON'T WANT TO GO TO WAR,"  
I WOULD RATHER HANG AROUND, THE PICCADILLY UNDERGROUND,  
LIVIN' OFF THE EARNIN'S OF A HIGH CLASS LADY,  
I DON'T WANT A BULLET UP ME ARSE-HOLE, I DON'T WANT ME BUTTOCKS SHOT AWAY,  
I'D RATHER STAY IN MARBLE, IN BLOODY BLOODY MARBLE----  
AND MASTERBATE ME BLOOMIN' LIFE AWAY....

THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND

THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND, IT'S SURE NOT MY LAND  
FROM THE MEKONG DELTA, TO THE CENTRAL HIGHLANDS  
FROM THE STEAMING JUNGLES, TO THE GULF OF TONKIN  
THIS LAND WAS MADE FOR YOU NOT ME

THIS LAND IS OUR LAND, IT'S SURE NOT ME LAND  
IF THIS WAS MY LAND, I'D MAKE IT WASTELAND  
I'D GET UP WAY HIGH, AND WATCH THE DINKS FLY  
THIS LAND WAS MADE FOR YOU NOT ME!

-----

"NO MOHAWK PILOTS"

OH THERE ARE NO MOHAWK PILOTS IN THE STATES,  
OH THERE ARE NO MOHAWK PILOTS IN THE STATES,  
THEY'RE ALL ON FOREIGN SHORES-MAKING MOTHERS OUT OF WHORES  
THERE ARE NO MOHAWK PILOTS IN THE STATES.

OH THERE ARE NO MOHAWK PILOTS IN CAN THO,  
OH THERE ARE NO MOHAWK PILOTS IN CAN THO,  
THE PLACE IS FULL OF QUEERS, DRESSED IN PANTIES AND BRASSIERES,  
OH THERE ARE NO MOHAWK PILOTS IN CAN THO.

OH THERE ARE NO MOHAWK PILOTS IN VUNG TAU,  
OH THERE ARE NO MOHAWK PILOTS IN VUNG TAU,  
THEY'RE IN THE U.S.O., WEARING WOMEN'S FANCY CLOTHES,  
OH THERE ARE NO MOHAWK PILOTS IN VUNG TAU.

OH THERE ARE NO MOHAWK PILOTS IN PHU HIEP,  
OH THERE ARE NO MOHAWK PILOTS IN PHU HIEP,  
OH YES THEY FIGHT THE WAR, FROM THEIR MILLION DOLLAR BAR,  
OH THERE ARE NO MOHAWK PILOTS IN PHU HIEP.

OH THERE ARE NO MOHAWK PILOTS IN LONG THANH,  
OH THERE ARE NO MOHAWK PILOTS IN LONG THANH,  
THERE'S JUST A MOTLEY MOB-WITH A SILLY FUCKING JOB,  
OH THERE ARE NO MOHAWK PILOTS IN LONG THANH.

OH THERE ARE NO MOHAWK PILOTS IN PHU BAI,  
OH THERE ARE NO MOHAWK PILOTS IN PHU BAI,  
NO LONGER COULD THEY DALLY-AFTER THEY BURN OUT PISS VALLEY,  
OH THERE ARE NO MORE MOHAWK PILOTS IN PHU BAI.

(NO MORE MOHAWK PILOTS--CONT)

THERE'S A BUNCH OF SHAGGY TECH REPS IN DA NANG,  
THERE'S A BUNCH OF SHAGGY TECH REPS IN DA NANG,  
THEY SIT AROUND AND BROOD-ABOUT THE RISING COST OF FOOD,  
THERE'SA BUNCH OF SHAGGY TECH REPS IN DA NANG.

THERE ARE A BUNCH OF MOHAWK PILOTS IN DA NANG,  
THERE ARE A BUNCH OF MOHAWK PILOTS IN DA NANG,  
THEIR BALLS ARE RATHER BIG-THEY SAY FUCK THE SAMS AND THE MIGH,  
THERE ARE A BUNCH OF MOHAWK PILOTS IN DA NANG.

THE ANGELS IN THE WAR FLY IN THE SOUTH,  
THE ANGELS IN THE WAR FLY IN THE SOUTH,  
SPUDS FLY THROUGH FLAK AND LEAD-WHERE THE ANGELS FEAR TO TREAD,  
THE ANGELS IN THE WAR FLY WAAAY DOWN SOUTH.

---

TCHEPONE

I WAS HANGING AROUND OPS, JUST WASTING MY TIME,  
OFF OF THE SCHEDULE, NOT EARNING A DINE,  
WHEN A MAJOR STEPS UP, AND HE SAYS I SUPPOSE,  
YOU FLY A MOHAWK FROM YOUR BLACK FLYING CLOTHES,  
WELL YOU FIGURES ME RIGHT SIR, I'M A GOOD ONE I SAY,  
DO YOU HAPPEN TO HAVE ME A MISSION TODAY?  
HE SAYS YES I HAVE, IT'S A REAL EASY ONE,  
NO SWEAT MY BOY, ITS AN OLD TIME MIKK RUN.

WELL I GETS ALL EXCITED AND I ASKS WHERE ITS AT,  
HE GIVES ME A WINK AND A TIP OF HIS HAT,  
IT'S TWO EIGHT ZERO, AND NINETY FROM HOME,  
A SMALL PEACEFUL HAMLET THAT'S KNOWN AS TCHEPONE.

"OH YOU'LL SURE LIKE TCHEPONE"

I PUTS ON MY HARNESS, AND I STRAPS ON MY GUN,  
WIRH HELMET AND GLOVES, OUT THE DOOR ON THE RUN,  
I FIRES UP MY MOHAWK AND TAKES TO THE AIR,  
TWO LOCKED IN TIGHT, WE HAVEN'T A CARE.

IN TWENTY FIVE MINUTES WE'RE OVER THAT TOWN,  
FROM EIGHT POINT FIVE THOUSAND WE'RE LOOKING AROUND,  
PUSH IN THE BREAKERS AND DIAL IN THE MILS,  
RACK UP MY WING AND GO IN FOR THE KILL.

I FEEL A BIT SORRY FOR FOLKB DOWN BELOW,  
OF DESTRUCTION THAT'S COMING THEY SURELY DONT KNOW,  
BUT THE THOUGHT PASSES QUICKLY, WE KNOW WAR IS ON,  
DOWNWARD WE SCREAM TOWARD THAT TOWN CALLED TCHEPONE.

"TCHEPONE" (CANT)

"UNSUSPECTING, PEACEFUL TCHEPONE"

MY PANELS ALL HOT, AND THE PIPPER'S JUST RIGHT,  
I PICKLES A COUPLE, I LAYS 'EM IN TIGHT,  
I PICKLES THOSE BEAUTIES FROM TWO POINT FIVE GRAND  
STARTED MY PULLUP WHEN THE SHIT HIT THE FAN.

THERE'S AN AIR BURST IN FRONT, AND TWO OFF TO MY RIGHT  
THERE'S EIGHT OR TEN OTHERS, I SUCKS IT UP TIGHT,  
THERE'S SMALL ARMS, THERE'S TRACER, THERE'S HEAVY ACK-ACK,  
IT'S SCATTERED TO BROKEN IN ALL KINDS OF FLAK.  
WEE I JINXED TO THE LEFT, AND PULLS UP TOWARD THE BLUE  
MY WING MAN SAYS: "LEAD, THEY'RE SHOOTING AT YOU"  
"NO SHIT" I CR'Y AS I POINTS IT TOWARD HOME,  
STILL COMES THE FIRE FROM THAT TOWN SALLED TCHEPONE.

"DIRTY, DEADLY TCHEPONE"

I GETS BACK TO MARBLE, SIX HOLES IN MY BIRD,  
WITH THAT MAJOR WHO SENT ME, I'D SURE LIKE A WORD,  
BUT HE'S NOWHERE AROUND, THOUGH I LOOK NEAR AND FAR,  
THEY SENT HIM TO SAIGON TO HELP WIN THE WAR.

WELL I'VE BEEN ROUND THIS COUNTRY FOR MANY A DAY  
I'VE SEEN ALL THE SHIT THAT THEY'RE THROWING MY WAY,  
BUT I'LL BET ALL MY FLIGHT PAY THE HAWK JOCK'S NOT BORN,  
WHO CAN KEEP ALLA HIS COOL FLYING OVER TCHEPONE.

"NO DON'T GO TO TCHEPONE"

---

SAM, SAM

SAM, SAM, THE LAVATORY MAN,  
WELL:HEES THE CHIEF INSPECTOR OF THE PUBLIC CAN,  
HE BRINGS IN THE PAPER, AND HE BRINGS IN THE TOWELS  
AND HE LISTENS TO THE RUMBLE OF THE PEOPLE'S BOWELS.

WELL DOWN, DOWN, DEEP INTHE GROUND  
WELL A HEAR THOSE TURDS COME A TUMBALIN DOWN,  
WELL ITS FLIP, FLOP HEAR THEM DROP,  
SAMS GOT THE SHIT HOUSE BLEES----DA DA DADADA, SAMS GOT THE S.H. BLUES.

SAVE A MOHAWK PILOT'S ASS

WELL I WAS CRUISING DOWN THE MEKONG DOING TWO AND TWENTY PER  
A CALL CAME FROM MY T.O. HE SAID "WON'T YOU SAVE US SIR  
WE GOT FLAK HOLES IN OUR DROP TANKS, WE'RE ALMOST OUT OF GAS,  
MAYDAY-MAYDAY-MAYDAY-WE GOT SIX MIGS ON OUR AEE"

CHORUS:

HALLELUJA, HALLELUJA  
THROW A NICKEL ON THE GRASS,  
SAVE A MOHAWK PILOT'S ASS  
HALLELUJA, HALLELUJA  
THROW A NICKEL ON THE GRASS  
AND YOU'LL BE SAVED!

I SHOT MY TRAFFIC PATTERN, TO ME IT LOOKED ALL RIGHT  
THE AIRSPEED READ 100, I REALLY RACKED IT TIGHT  
THE AIRFRAME GAVE A SHUDDER, AND THE ENGINES GAVE A WHEEZE  
MAYDAY-MAYDAY-MAYDAY- SPIN INSTRUCTIONS PLEASE.

(CHORUS)

THEY SENT ME OUT TO ATTAPAO, THE BRIEF SAID NO ACK-ACK  
BY THE TIME THAT I ARRIVED THERE, MY WINGS WERE MOSTLY FLAK,  
I FELT THE AIRFRAME SHUDDER, I WAS TOO YOUNG TO DIE.

(CHORUS)

SPLIT S ON MY GUN RUN, I GOT TOO GODDAMNED LOW  
I LINED THAT LITTLE PIPPER UP, AND LET THOSE BAGIES GO,  
I SUCKED THE STICK BACK SHARPLY, AND I HIT A HIGH SPEED STALL,  
NOW I WON'T SEE MY MOTHER WHEN THE WORK'S ALL DONE THIS FALL.

(CHORUS)

THEY SENT ME OUT TO SARAVEEN, I HAD TO LEAVE THE PLANE  
I EVADED ALL THAT NIGHT AND DAY, TILL I WAS SAFE AGAIN,  
I OPENED MY SURVIVAL KIT TO SEE WHAT WAS IN IT--  
THAT GODDAMNED CAPT SMITH, HAD FILLED IT UP WITH SHIT!

(CHORUS)

THE BALLAD OF THE SPUDS

SCREAMING MOHAWKS IN THE SKY  
DRUNKEN PILOTS, WITH BLOODSHOT EYES  
MAJORS, CAPTAINS, ALL WARRANTS TOO  
THESE ARE MEN, THE MOHAWK CREW

(CHORUS)

PILOT WINGS UPON THEIR CHESST  
IESAEDHOEKTHKNOWSREHEKSTEINKIGHHEY'RE BEST  
I DOUST IF ONE COULD FLY A KITE

MEN WHO LOVE OFF NATURE'S LAND  
THAT IS IF NATURE IS IN THAILAND  
ONE HUNDRED TRIPS, THEY MAKE EACH MONTH  
FOR A PIECE OF ASS, AND A STEAK FOR LUNCH

CHOROUS

BACK AT HOME ARE WIVES ALONE  
THEY PRAY THEIR HUSBANDS WILL MAKE IT HOME  
IF THEE KNEW HOW THESE GUYS FLY  
THEY'D GET INSURANCE, ALL THEY COULD BUY

CHOROUS

PILOTS OF THE ONE THIRTY FIRST  
THESE ARE MEN, AMERICA'S WORST  
THREE HUNDRED MEN, AND ALL ARE DUDS  
THEY MAKE THE CREW OF THE SHIT HOT SPUDS

CHOROUS

### THE HELICOPTER MAN

WELL HE STOMPED INTO OPERATIONS WITH A SNEER UPON HIS FACE,  
SLAMMED THE DOOR AND GLARED AROUND, JUST LIKE HE OWNED THE PLACE  
HE HOLLERED FOR A COFFEE OUR, AND A PEN TO FILE A PLAN,  
WE KNEW FROM HIS SEEDY LOOK--HE WAS A HELICOPTER MAN.

WERL HE RAN RIGHT OUT AND CRANKED IT UP, THEY DON'T PREFLIGHT THAT BIRD  
HE FIRED UP AND DROVE AWAY AND THAT'S THE LAST WE HEARD  
SOMEWHERE HE'S OUT THERE SWEARIN THAT WE SABOTAGED HIS FAN--  
A TYPICAL TRUCK DRIVER--HE'S A HELICOPTER MAN.

WELL HE LANDED IN THE PADDIES, AND HE ENDED UP ALL WET,  
HE WISHED INSTEAD OF CHOPPERS, HE HAD LEARNED TO FLY A JET.  
HE RANTED RAVED AND BLUSTERED TOO, HE FRETTERED FUMED AND FUSSED,  
HE WEPT, HE SIGHED, HE BAWLED, HE CRIED, HE YELLED AND SCREAMED AND CUSSSED.

THEN FROM THE TREETOP LEVEL, HE HEARD A FUNNY NOISE,  
HE REALIZED HIS SCREAMS HAD BROUGHT----THE FAITHFUL MOHAWK BOYS.  
HE SMILED AND WAVED, AND YELLED AND CALLED MANY LOUD AHOYS  
TILL THEY PICKED HIM UP AND PACKED HIM OFF TO HIS LITTLE HUEY TOYS  
NOW IF YOU WANT TO FLY MY FRIEND, NOW HERE'S A WORD FOR YOU,  
DON'T FLY NO SILLY CHOPPER--GO INTO A MOHAWK CREW  
AND THEN BE ON THE LOOKOUT WHEN YOU'RE FLYING IN THE LAND  
FOR DOWN THERE WAVIN' MADLY IS A HELICOPTER MAN.

---

### MARBLE

MARBLE, OH MARBLES A HELL OF A PLACE  
THE ORGANIZATIONS A FUCKING DISGRACE  
WITH CAPTAINS AND MAJORS, AND LIGHT COLONELS TOO  
THEIR THUMBS UP THEIR ASS HOLES WIH NOTHING TO DO  
THEY STAND ON THE RUNWAY, THEY SCREAM AND THEY SHOUT  
ABOUT MANY THINGS THEY KNOW NOTHING ABOUT  
FOR ALL THEY ARE DOING, THEY MIGHT AS WELL BE--  
SHOVELLING SHIT IN THE SOUTH CHINA SEA

RING DING A DING DING, BLOW IT OUT YOUR ASS,  
BETTER DAYS ARE COMING BYE AND BYE---BULLSHIT!  
OH YOU'LL WONDER THERE THE YELLOW WENT--WHEN THE NAPALM HISTS THE ORIENT  
HO CHI MINH WEARS NOMEX---POSTHUMOUSLY!!

THE RULES OF ENGAGEMENT ARE MIGHTY STRANGE TOO,  
YOU CANT SHOOT THEM BASTARDS--TILL THEY SHOOT AT YOU  
THE SKIES THAT WE FLY THROUGH ARE FILLED UP WITH FLAK  
WE DONT HAVE PERMISSION--SO WE CANT SHOOT BACK  
THEY GAVE ME PERMISSION, BUT ITS NOT MUCH FUN  
THEY GAVE ME A CLEARANCE--AND TOOK OFF MY GUNS  
ITS REALLY AMAZING--HOW EVERYONE THINKS  
YOU MUST JOIN THE AIR FORCE BEFORE YOU KILL DINKS.

ODE TO THE GRUMMAN OV-1  
(GRUMMAN'S ULTRA HOG)  
TUNE: WABASH CANNONBALL

LISTEN TO THE RATTLE, THE GRUNTIN AND THE WHEEZE,  
AS SHE ROLLS ALONG OLD MARBLE, BY THE SAND AND BY THE TREES,  
HEAR THE MIGHTY ROARIN' ENGINES, AS YOU LEAP INTO THE FOG,  
YOU'RE FLYIN' THROUGH MIG COUNTRY IN THE GRUMMAN ULTRA HOG.

HERE'S TO MACNAMARA, HIS NAME WILL ALWAYS SMELL,  
HE'LL ALWAYS BE REMEMBERED DOWN IN MOHAWK PILOTS' HELL,  
HE FRAGS OUT ALL OUR TARGETS, WE PUNCH OUT AND WE RUN,  
HE SENDS US INTO COMBAT IN, THE GRUMMAN OV-1

OH-CAME UP FROM OLD MARBLE, ONE SLEAMY SUMMER DAY,  
AS WE'ER MAPPING UP OUR TARGET, YOU COULD HEAR THE T.O. SAY,  
"SHE'S BIG AND GAT AND UGLY, SHE'S REALLY QUITE A DOG,  
SHE'S KNOWN AROUND MIG COUNTRY AS THE GRUMMAN ULTRA HOG."

ODE TO SHIT-HOT SPUD WIVES

I LOVE MY WIFE, YES I DO , YES I DO, I LOVE HER DEARLY  
I LOVE THE HOLE, THAT SHE PISSES THROUGH  
I LOVE HER TITS, HAIRY TITS, AND THE HAIR AROUND HER ASS HOLE  
I'D EAT HER SHIT, GOBBLE GOBBLE GOBBLE IF SHE ASKED ME TO  
IF SHE ASKED ME TO...

GIVE ME OPERATIONS

DON'T GIVE ME AN OV-1A, IT FLIES LIKE A FIGHTER THEY SAY,  
IT STALLS OUT IN TURNS, AND IT CRASHES AND BURNS,  
DON'T GIVE ME AN OV-1A  
(CHORUS)

NO, GIVE ME OPERATIONS WAY OUT ON SOME LONELY ATOLL,  
FOR I'M TOO YOUNG TO DIE, I JUST WANT TO GROW OLD.

THOSE SHIT HOOKS THEY CARRY THE WEIGHT, BUT THE BLADES THEY COUNTERROTATE  
IT'S A FAIR WEATHER COFFIN, THAT CRASHES SO OFTEN,  
THOS SHIT HOOKS CARRY THE WEIGHT.  
(CHORUS)

DON'T TELL ME A HUEY IS MINE, THE ENGINE IS MOUNTED BEHIND,  
THEY TUMBLE AND SPIN, AND THEY'LL AUGER YOU IN  
DON'T TELL ME A HUEY IS MINE.  
(CHORUS)

DON'T GIVE ME A C MODEL HAWK, ABOUT IT THE PILOTS ALL SQUAWK,  
IT FLIES LIKE A SPARROW, BUT THE GEAR IS TOO NARROW,  
NO, DON'T GIVE ME A C MODEL HAWK.  
(CHORUS)

GIVE ME OPERATIONS (CONT)

DON'T GIVE ME A COBRA NO MORE, SHE'S JUST A GROUND LOVING WHORE,  
SHE'LL WHINE, MOAN, AND WHEEZE, AND MAKE STRAIGHT FOR THE TREES,  
DON'T GIVE ME A COBRA NO MORE.  
(CHORUS)

DON'T GIVE ME A DAMNED OV-1, FOR NIGHT FLYING IT IS NO FUN,  
BY DAY ITS A LARK, BUT I'M SCARED OF THE DARK,  
DON'T GIVE ME A DAMNED OV-1  
(CHORUS)

DON'T GIVE ME A LIL' OH-6  
WITH BLADES LIKE BROKEN MATCH STICKS  
"DROP FIVE" SAYS THE COACH, "FROM THE BRIGHT BURNING LOACH"  
DON'T GIVE ME AN OH-6  
(CHORUS)

DON'T GIVE ME AN OV-1B, WITH SLAR, RADAR AND TV  
SHE'S FAST, I DON'T CARE, SHE BLOWS UP IN MIDAIR,  
DON'T GIVE ME AN OV-1B  
(CHORUS)

DON'T GIVE ME A C-45, SO SLOW IT STALLS OUT IN A DIVE,  
IT'S A GROUND LOOPING BASTARD, YOU'RE SURE TO GET PLASTERED,  
DON'T GIVE ME A C-45  
(CHORUS)

GIVE ME AN OV-1D, IT'S GOT EVERYTHING--DON'T YOU SEE...  
IT'LL COVER YOUR ASS IN THE MU GIA PASS,  
GIVE ME AN OV-1D  
(CHORUS)

DON'T GIVE ME OPERATIONS , WAY OUT ON SOME LONELY ATOLL,  
A HAWK I'D MUCH RATHER FLY  
THE LIFE OF A SPUD IS A BALL

+

TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS

ON THE FIRST DAY OF CHRISTMAS, MY TRUE LOVE GAVE TO ME,  
A HAND JOB IN A PALM TREE

ON THE SECOND DAY OF CHRISTMAS, MY TRUE LOVE GAVE TO ME,  
TWO BRASS BALLS, AND A HAND JOB IN A PALM TREE

ON THE THIRD DAY OF CHRISTMAS MY TRUE LOVE GAVE TO ME,  
THREEEE FRENCH TICKLERS, TWO BRASS BALLS, AND A HAND JOB IN A PALM TREE

(TWELVE DAYS OF XMAS, CONT)

ON THE FOURTH DAY OF CHRISTMAS, MY TRUE LOVE GAVE TO ME,  
FOUR COCKSUCKERS, THREE FRENCH TICKLERS, TWO BRASS BALLS,  
AND A HAND JOB IN A PALM TREE

ON THE FIFTH DAY OF CHRISTMAS, MY TRUE LOVE GAVE TO ME,  
FIVE...MOTHER...FUCKERS, FOUR COCKSUCKERS, THREE FRENCH TICKLERS,  
TWO BRASS BALLS, AND A HAND JOB IN A PALM TREE.

ON THE SIXTH DAY OF CHRISTMAS, MY TRUE LOVE GAVE TO ME,  
SIX SACKS OF SHIT, FIVE MOTHER FUCKERS, FOUR COCKSUCKERS, THREE FRENCH TICKLERS,  
TWO BRASS BALLS, AND A HAND JOB IN A PALM TREE.

ON THE SEVENTH DAY OF CHRISTMAS, MY TRUE LOVE GAVE TO ME  
SEVEN SCROTUMS SWINGIN'....(ETC)

ON THE EIGHTH DAY OF CHRISTMAS, MY TRUE LOVE GAVE TO ME,  
EIGHT ASS HOLES ACHIN'....(ETC)

ON THE NINTH DAY OF CHRISTMAS, MY TRUE LOVE GAVE TO ME,  
NINE NIPPLES NIPPLIN'...(ETC)

ON THE TENTH DAY OF CHRISTMAS, MY TRUE LOVE GAVE TO ME  
TEN TURDS A TUMBLIN'....(ETC)

ON THE ELEVENTH DAY OF CHRISTMAS, MY TRUE LOVE GAVE TO ME,  
ELEVEN LESBIANS LICKIN',....(ETC)

ON THE TWELFTH DAY OF CHRISTMAS, MY TRUE LOVE GAVE TO ME:  
TWELVE TEATS A TWITCHIN'  
ELEVEN LESBIANS LICKIN'  
TEN TURDS A TUMBLIN'  
NINE NIPPLES NIPPLIN'  
EIGHT ASS HOLES ACHIN'  
SEVEN SCROTUMS SWINGIN'  
SIX SACKS OF SHIT  
FIVE MOTHER FUCKERS  
FOUR COCKSUCKERS,  
THREE FRENCH TICKLERS  
TWO BRASS BALLS  
AND A HAND JOB IN A PALM TREE

FUCKING BATTLE HYMN OF THE FUCKING SPUDS

WE FLY OUR FUCKING MOHAWKS AT TEN THOUSAND FUCKING FEET  
WE FLY OUR FUCKING MOHAWKS THROUGH THE RAIN AND SHIT AND SLEET  
AND THOUGH WE THINK WE'RE FLYING SOUTH, WE'RE FLYING FUCKING NORTH  
AND WE MAKE OUR FUCKING LANDING ON THE FIFTH OF FUCKING FORTH

GLORY, GLORY, WHAT HELL OF A WAY TO DIE,  
GLORY, GLORY, WHAT A HELL OF A WAY TO DIE,  
GLORY, GLORY, WHAT A HELL OF A WAY TO DIE,  
WE MAKE OUR FUCKING LANDING ON THE FIFTH OF FUCKING FORTH

WE FLY THOSE FUCKING MOHAWKSAT ONE FUCKING THOUSAND FEET,  
WE FLY THOSE FUCKING MOHAWKS THROUGH THE TREES AND RICE AND WHEAT,  
AND THOUGH WE THINK WE FLY WITH SKILL, WE FLY WITH FUCKING LUCK,  
WE DON'T GIVE A FUCKING DAMN, OR CARE A FUCKING FUCK

GLORY, GLORY, WHAT A HELL OF A WAY TO DIE,  
GLORY, GLORY, WHAT A GELL OF A WAY TO DIE,  
GLORY, GLORY, WHAT A HELL OF A WAY TO DIE,  
BUT WE DON'T GIVE A FUCKING DAMN, OR CARE A FUCKING FUCK  
"

WE FLY THOSE FUCKING MOHAWKS A T TWELVE THOUSAND FUCKING FEEE,  
WE FLY THOSE FUCKINGMOHAWKS THROUGH THE FLAK AND SHIT AND SLEET,  
AND THOUGH WE THINK WE'RE RIGHT SIDE UP, WE'RE FLYING FUCKING DOWN  
AND WE BUST OUR FUCKING ASSES WHEN WE HIT THE FUCKING GROUND

GLORY, GLORY, WHAT A HELL OF A WAY TO DIE,  
GLORY, GLORY, WHAT A HELL OF A WAY TO DIE,  
GLORY, GLORY, WHAT HELL OF A WAY TO DIE,  
WHEN WE BUST OUR FUCKING ASSES WHEN WE HIT THE FUCKING GROUND.

---

STRAFE THE TOWN AND KILL THE PEOPLE  
DROP YOUR NAPALM IN THE SQUARE  
GET UP EARLY SUNDAY MORNING  
CATCH THEM WHILE THEY ARE STILL AT PRAYER

THROW SOME CANDY TO THE CHILDREN  
WAIT UNTIL THEY GATHER ROUND  
WITH YOUR TWENTY MILLIMETER  
MOW THE LITTLE BASTARDS DOWN

A S H A U

Wa bosh Canaan ball

HELLO ASHAW TOWER, THIS IS MOHAWK FIFTY ONE  
I'D LIKE TO USE YOUR RUNWAY, ALTHOUGH IT'S OVER RUN  
A CHOPPER FRIEND IS DOWN THERE, HE'S HIDING IN A DITCH  
I'D LIKE TO MAKE A PASSENGER STOP AND SAVE THAT SON-OF-A-BITCH

(CHORUS)

NOW LISTEN TO THE SMALL ARMS, HEAR THE 20 MIKE MIKE ROAR  
THOSE A1-E'S ARE BOUNCING OFF THE ASHAW VALLEY FLOOR  
HEAR THE ROAR OF ME LYCOMINGS, HEAR HE LONESOME CHOPPER CALL,  
WE'LL GET YOU HOME TO MOTHER WHEN THE WORK'S ALL DONE THIS FALL

NOW HE SCRAMBLED OUT OF QUI NHON TO TRY TO SAVE THAT CAMP  
THEY GOT HIMM IN THEIR GUNSIGHTS AND NOW HIS SHORTS ARE DAMP  
THE ENGINE WAS ON FIRE, IT GAVE A FINAL WHEEZE  
HE'S HIDING IN THE BUSHES NOW, ALTIMETER SETTING PLEASE

(CHORUS)

THE V C ARE DESCENDING UPON HIS HIDING PLACE  
HAVE HIV MEET MY MOHAWK--I'M TURNING ON MY BASE  
I SEE HIM OVER YONDER, HE'S RUNNING AWFULLY FAST  
WITH A V C RIGHT BEHIND HIM AND AN A-K UP HIS ASS

(CHORUS)

MY WINGMAN SEES A V C, OH STRAFF HIM IF YOU CAN  
you'LL HAVE TO GET HIM QUICKLY TO SAVE THAT CHOPPER MAN  
I'VE GOT HIM IN THE COCKPIT, HE'S STANDING ON HIS HEAD  
BETTER LET US TAKE OFF, OR SOON WE'LL BOTH BE DEAD

(CHORUS)

NOW THE TAKEOFF IT WAS FRIGHTFUL, THEY SHOT US FULL OF HOLES,  
WE NOW LOOK JUST LIKE A SEIVE, BUT STILL MY MOHAWK ROLLS  
THE CHOPPER JOCK IS SHOT TO HELL, I HEAR HIM BREATHE A SIGH,  
GOODBY DEAR OED ASHAW, OF LORD I THOUGHT WE'D DIE

(CHORUS)

---

THE ROARING TRAIN

THE ROARING TRAIN CAME ROUND THE BEND, SHE BLEW, SHE BLEW,  
THE ROARING TRAIN CAME ROOND THE BEND, SHE BLEW, SHE BLEW,  
THE ROARING TRAIN CAME ROUND THE BEND, FULL OF WHORES AND DRUNKEN MEN  
AND SHE BLEW, BLEW, BLEW, BLEW,  
SON OF A BITCH, SHE BLEW  
BAROOM, BAROOM, BAROOM, BAROOM, BAROOM

THE ROARING TRAIN (CONT)

THE MAID WAS IN THE PARLOUR CAR, SHE BLEW, SHE BLEW  
THE MAID WAS IN THE PARLOUR CAR, SHE BLEW, SHE BLEW  
THE MAID WAS IN THE PARLOUR CAR, FUCKING HERSELF WITH A NICKEL CIGAR

AND SHE BLEW, BLEW, BLEW, BLEW  
SON OF A BITCH, SHE BLEW  
BAROOM, BAROOM, BAROOM. BAROOM BAROOM

THE PORTER HE WAS MAKIN BEDS, SHE BLEW SHE BLEW  
THE PORTER HE WAS MAKIN BEDS, SHE BLEW, SHE BLEW  
THE PORTER HE WAS MAKIN BEDS---SWEEPIN OUT THE MAIDENHEADS  
AND SHE BLEW, BLEW, BLEW, BLEW, SON OF A BITCH SHE BLEW  
(CHORUS)

THE FIREMAN HE WAS SHOVELLING COAL, SHE BLEW, SHE BLEW,  
THE FIREMAN HE WAS SHOVELLING COAL, SHE BLEW, SHE BLEW,  
THE FIREMAN HE WAS SHOVELLING COAL--UP THE ENGINEER'S ASSHOLE,  
AND SHE BLEW, BLEW, BLEW, BLEW, SON OF A BITCH SHE BLEW  
(CHORUS)

THE HOBO HE WAS RIDIN THE ROD , SHE BLEW, SHE BLEW,  
THE HOBO HE WAS RIDIN THE ROD, SHE BLEW, SHE BLEW,  
THE HOBO HE WAS RIDIN THE ROD--SIXTY NINE CARS RAN OVER HIS COD  
AND SHE BLEW, BLEW, BLEW, BLEW, SON OF A BITCH SHE BLEW  
(CHORUS)

THE ENGINEER FORSAW THE WRECK, SHE BLEW, SHE BLEW  
THE ENGINEER FORSAW THE WRECK, SHE BLEW, SHE BLEW  
THE ENGINEER FORSEW THE WRECK,---HE STOOD ON HIS HEAD, AND HE SHIT ON HIS NECK,  
AND SHE BLEW, BLEW, BLEW, BLEW SON OF A BITCH SHE BLEW  
(CHORUS)

(SAD VERSE)

THE SWITCHMAN HE WAS AT THE SWITCH, SHE BLEW, SHE BLEW,  
THE SWITCHMAN HE WAS AT THE SWITCH, SHE BLEW, SHE BLEW,  
THE SWITCHMAN, HE WAS AT THE SWITCH, THEY RAN RIGHT OVER THAT SON OF A BITCH  
AND SHE BLEW, BLEW, BLEW, BLEW, SON OF A BITCH SHE BLEW  
BAROOM, BAROOM, BAROOM, BAROOM, BAROOM.

**THE JBIG BLACK BULL**  
**(DEDICATED TO BIG FRANCIS C. CALLOWAY)**

WELL, THE BIG BLACK BULL CAME DOWN FROM THE MOUNTAIN,  
HOUSTON, SAM HOUSTON

WELL, THE BIG BLACK BULL CAME DOWN FROM THE MOUNTAIN,  
A LONG TIME AGO

A LONG TIME AGO, OH, OH, OH,  
A LONG TIME AGO, OH, OH, OH,  
WELL, THE BIG BLACK BULL CAME DOWN FROM THE MOUNTAIN,  
A LONG TIM AGO.

WELL, HE SPOTTED THAT HEIFER IN THE PASTURE A GRAZIN'  
HOUSTON, SAM HOUSTON

WELL, HE SPOTTED THAT HEIFER IN THE PASTURE A GRAZIN'  
A LONG TIME AGO

A LONG TIME AGO, OH, OH, OH  
A LONG TIME AGO, OH, OH, OH,  
WELL, HE SPOTTED THAT HEIFER IN THE PASTURE A GRAZIN'  
A LONG TIME AGO

WELL, HE JUMPED THAT FENCE AND HE HUMPED THAT HEIFER,  
HOUSTON, SAM HOUSTON,  
WELL, HE JUMPED THAT FENCE AND HE HUMPED THAT HEIFER,  
A LONG TIME AGO

A LONG TIME AGO,  
A LONG TIME AGO, OH, OH, OH,  
A LONG TIME AGO, OH, OH, OH,  
WELL, HE JUMPED THAT FENCE AND HE HUMPED THAT HEIFER  
A LONG TIME AGO.

## MU GIA WATERFALL

BESIDE MU GIA'S WATERFALL, ON A BRIGHT AND SUNNY DAY  
BESIDE HIS SHATTERED OV-1 A MOHAWK DRIVER LAY,  
HIS PARACHUTE HUNG FROM A TREE, HE WAS NOT YET QUITE DEAD.  
AND AS V.C. GATHERED ROUND HIM, THIS YOUNG HAWK DRIVER SAID.

I'M GOING TO THAT BETTER, WHERE LYCOMINGS ALWAYS ROAR  
WHERE THE I.N.S. WORKS PERFECTLY, SMOOTHER THAN AN OILED WHORE  
WHERE THERE ARE NO SAMS AND MIGS AND ~~ME~~ ENEMY AROUND  
THER'LL BE APPLE PIE AND THE ROCK AND RIE  
SPUD PILOTS GO THER WHEN THEY DIE  
IN THE ARMY MOHAWK HEAVEN

THE PILOT LAY BESIDE THE FALLS, THE U.C. CLUSTERED ROUND  
"SPUD HEAVENS SUCH A LOVELY PLACE, AND THAT'S WHERE I AM BOUND  
WITH A PROP BLADE IN HIS LIVER, INBOARD AILERON IN HIS NOSE  
HE SAID "I'M UP AND FLYING FAST MY FRIEND, WHERE EVERY SPUD JOCK GOES"

MU GIA WATERFALL (CONT)

"I'M GOING TO THAT BETTER LAND, WHERE MOHAWKS FLY IN STYLE  
WHERE THE AUTOMATIC PILOT WORKS, AND WE SIT BACK AND SMILE  
THERE'S A GIRL FOR EVERY OFFICER AND A DOZEN FOR THE CREW,  
THERE'LL BE BEDS OF HAY IN THE SENSOR BAY,  
THE ALQ-80 FALLS AWAY  
IN THE ARMY MOHAWK HEAVEN

HIS BREATH CAME FAST, HE COULDN'T LAST, WITH SADNESS THEY ALL EYED HIM  
THE V.C. WEPT, THE TEARS ROLLED DOWN, THE POOLS ROSE UP BESIDE HIM  
THE WATERS ROSE, THEY REACHED HIS NOSE, HE FLOATED WHERE HE LAY,  
AND AS HE DRIFTED OUT OF SIGHT, THE V.C. HEARD HIM SAY,

"I'M FLYING TO THAT BETTER LAND, WHERE THE FLAK DON'T EVER FLM  
WHERE THE BULLETS ARE ALL COTTON, AND THE SHELLS ARE APPLE PIE  
WHERE THE SHELLS ARE CHAMPAGNE COCKTAILS, AND YOU DRINK THEM ON THE FLY  
WELL ITS TIME TO LEAVE, SO DON'T YOU GRIEVE  
I'LL BE WEARING WINGS ON MY NOVEX SLEEVE  
IN THE ARMY MOHAWK HEAVEN.....

---

SHIT HOT SPUD TEE OH

I'M A SHIT HOT SPUD TEEOH, I SIT ON THE RIGHT  
I'M BRAVE AND COURAGEOUS, AND WONDERFULLY BRIGHT,  
MY JOB IS REMEMBERING WHAT THE CAPTAIN FORGETS,  
I NEVER TALK BACK SO I HAVE NO REGRETS  
I'M A SHIT HOT SPUD TEE OH, AND A LONG WAY FROM HOME.

I MAKE OUT THE FLIGHT PLAN AND STUDY THE WEATHER  
PULL UP THE GEAR, DROP IT, AND STAND BY TO FEATHER  
I RUN FOR HIS MAIL CALL AND HIRE HIS WHORES  
AND I FLY HIS OLD HAWK TO THE TUNE OF HIS SNORES  
I'M A SHIT HOT SPUD TEE OH, AND A LONG WAY FROM HOME

I MAKE OUT HIS FLIGHT PLAN ACCOFDING TO HOYLE  
I TAKE ALL THE READINGS AND CHECK ON THE OIL  
I HUSTLE TO WAKE HIM FOR A MIDNIGHT ALARM  
I FLY THROUGH THE CLOUDS WHILE HE SLEEPS ON MY ARM  
I'M A SHIT HOT SPUD TEE OH AND A LONG WAY FROM HOME

I BRING HIM HIS COFFEE, I KEEP HIM IN COKES  
I LAUGH AT HIS CORN AND HIS TERRIBLE JOKES  
AND ONCE IN A WHILE, WHEN HIS LANDINGS ARE RESTY  
I COME THROUGH WITH "MESSIREE, CAPTAIN, IT'S GUSTY"  
I'M A SHIT HOT SPUD TEE OH AND A LONG WAY FROM HOME

SHIT HOT SPUD TEE OH (CONT)

MY OLD MOHAWK PILOT IS REALLY A STOOGE  
I SIT ON THE RIGHT OF THIS HIGH FLYING SCROOGE  
SOME DAY I'LL FLE MOHAWKS, AND THEN I'LL BE BLESSED,  
I'LL GIVE MY POOR TONGUE A LONG HELL OF A REST  
I'M A SHIT HOT SPUD TEE OH ANDA LONG WAY FROM HOME.

---

HELLO MARBLE TOWER

LISTEN TO THE RUMBLE, AND HEAR LYCOMINGS ROAR  
I'M FLYING OVER MARBLE LIKE I NEVER FLEW BEFORE  
HEAR THE MIGHTY RUSH OF SLIPSTREAM, AND HEAR THE ENGINES MOAN  
I'LL WAIT A BIT AND SAY A PRAYER, AND HOPE IT GETS ME HOME

HELLO MARBLE TOWER, THIS IS MOHAWK 801  
I'M TURNIN ON MY DOWNDIND AND MY PROP HAS OVERRUN  
MY OIL HAS OVERHEATED, THE GUAGE SAYS 1-2-1  
YOU'B BETTER GET THE CRASH CREW OUT, AND GET THEM ON THE RUN

HELLO MOHAWK 801, THIS I S MARBLE TOWER  
I CANNOT CRASH THE CALL CREW OUT, THIS I S THEIR COFFEE HOUR  
YOU'RE NOT CLEARED IN THE PATTERN, NOW THAT IS PLAIN TO SEE"  
SO TAKE IT ONEE AROUND AGAIN, YOU'RE NOT A V-I-P

HELLO MARBLE TOWER, THIS IS MOHAWK 801  
I'M TURNING ON MY DOWNDIND LEG, I SEE YOUR SIGNAL GUN  
ONE ENGINE'S OVERRUNNING AND THE OTHER 'S GOING TO BLOW  
I'M GOING TO LAND THIS OV-1 SO FOLKS, LOOK OUT BELOW

LISTEN MOHAWK 801THIS IS MARBLE TOWER  
WE'D LIKE TO LET YOU IN RIGHT NOW, BUT WE HAVEN'T GOT THE POWER.  
WE'LL SEND A NOTE THRU CHANNELS AND WAIT FOR THE REPLY  
UNTIL WE GET PERMISSION BACK, JUST CHASE AROUND THE SKY

YE STILL THERE MARBLE TOWER, THIS IS MOHAWK OV-1  
I'M TURNING ON THE FINAL, AND MY FLYING DAYS ARE GONE  
I'M GONNA LAND THIS MOHAWK NO MATTER WHAT YOU SAY  
I'VE GOTTA GET MY BAR BILL PAID BEFORE THAT JUDGEMENT DAY.

OK MOHAWK 801, THIS IS JUDGEMENT DAY  
YOU'RE IN PILOT'S HEAVEN, NOW, AND YOU ARE HERE TO STAY  
YOU HAVE JUST BOUGHT A MOHAWK, AND YOU HAVE BOUGHT IT WELL  
THE FAMOUS MOHAWK 801 WAS SENT STRAIGHT DOWN TO HELL

## I WANTED WINGS

I'VE BEEN ALIVE, TWENTY YEARS PLUS FOUR OF FIVE  
AND I'VE TRIED MANY A PURSUIT.  
WENT TO ARMY PILOT'S SCHOOL, LEARNED THE ROPES AND LEARNED THE RULES,  
THEN I GOT MY WINGS AND NOMEX SUIT.  
AND THEN I WENT TO GET UPGRADED, AND LIKE A FOOL I MADE IT,  
THEN A MOHAWK I DID FLY, AND THEY SENT ME OFF TO DIE ..BUSTER.

(CHORUS) I WANTED WINGS TILL I GOT THE GODDAMNED THISGS,  
NOW I DON'T WANT THEM ANYMORE

NOW I DON'T CARE TO SPIN, OVER DONG HOE OR THE MINH,  
FLAK ALWAYS MAKES ME PUKE.. MY LUNCH  
WITH MYSELF I NEVER PLAY, WHEN THEY HOLLER BOMBS ~~MINH~~  
AND I DON'T WANT TO HEAR MY BONES GO "CRUNCK"  
FOR THERE'S ONE THING YOU CAN'T LAUGH OFF  
AND THAT'S WHEN THEY SHOOT YOUR ASS OFF  
I'D RATHER BE HOME BUSTER WITH MY ASS THAN OAK LEAF CLUSTER, BUSTER  
(CHORUS)

I'LL TAKE THE DAMES, WHILE THE REST GO DOWN IN FLAMES,  
I'VE NO DESIRE TO BE BURNED.  
AIR COMBAT SPELLS ROMANCE, BUT IT BROWN MY NOMEX PANTS,  
I'M NOT A FIGHTER PILOT I HAVE LEARNED.  
IF YOU GET HIT WITH SAMs, YOU'LL FLY FORMATION UP IN HEAVEN  
BUT I'D RATHER FUCK A WOMAN THAN BE SHOT DOWN IN A GRUMMAN, BUSTER.  
(CHORUS)

NOW THE GRUMMAN OV-1 IS JUST THIRTY EIGHT HALF-TONS  
IT'S THE GRUMMAN ULTRA-HOG AS YOU CAN SEE,  
TWO TACANS JUST FOR BRUNCH, THREE INVERTERS NOWFOR LUNCH  
WITH PIECED FALLING OFF OUR SUPER C  
CIRCUIT BOARDS AND WIRES GALORE, IT'S AN ELECTRICIAN'S WHORE  
THE DIRTY SONS OF BITCHES, FILLED IT WITH THREE THOUSAND SWITCHES, BUSTER  
(CHORUS)

NOW I'M TOO YOUNG TO DIE, IN A GODDAMNED PBY  
THAT'S FOR THE EAGER, NOT FOR ME,  
I WON'T TRUST IN LUCK, TO BE PICKED UP IN A DUCK,  
AFTER I'VE CRASHED INTO THE SEA  
'CAUSE I'D RATHER BE A BELL HOP THAN A PILOT ON A FLAT-TOP  
WITH MY HAND AROUND A BOTTLE, NOT AROUND A GODDAMNED THROTTLE BUSTER.  
(CHORUS)

I WANTED WINGS TILL I GOT THE GODDAMNED THINGS,  
NOW I DON'T WANT THEM ANY MORE,  
THEY TAUGHT ME HOW TO FLY, THEN THEY SENT ME OFF TO DIE,  
I'VE HAD A BELLY FULL OF WAR,  
YOU CAN SAVE THOSE FUCKING MIGs, FOR THE GUYS WITH BALLS SO BIG,  
DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSSES, DO NOT COMPENSATE FOR LOSSES, BUSTER.

YOU'LL NEVER MIND

COME AND FLY A MOHAWK  
WE'RE A HAPPY BAND THEY SAY  
WE NEVER DO A LICK OF WORK  
JUST FLY AROUND ALL DAY  
WHILE OTHERS WORK AND STUDY HARD  
AND SOON GROW OLD AND BLIND  
WE TAKE TO THE AIR WITHOUT A CARE  
AND YOU WILL NEVER MIND  
(CHORUS)

YOU'LL NEVER MIND, YOU'LL NEVER MIND  
SO COME AND FLY A MOHAWK  
AND YOU WILL NEVER MIND

COME AND GET PROMOTED JUST  
AS HIGH AS YOU DESIRE  
YOU'RE RIDING ON A GRAVEY TRAIN  
IF YOU'RE A MOHAWK FLIER  
AND WHEN YOU GET TO GENERAL, YOU WILL  
SURELY FIND,  
THE ENGINES COUGH, YOUR WING FALL OFF  
BUT YOU WILL NEVER MIND  
(CHORUS)

YOU TAKE IT UP AND SPIN IT  
AND WITH AN AWFUL TEAR  
YOUR WINGS FALL OFF, THE SHIP SPINS IN  
BUT YOU WILL NEVER CARE  
FOR IN ABOUT ONE MINUTE MORE  
ANOTHER PAIR YOU'LL FIND  
YOU'LL DANCE WITH PETE AND HIS ANGELS SWEET  
BUT YOU WILL NEVER MIND  
(CHORUS)

WHILE FLYING WEST PACIFIC  
YOU HEAR THE ENGINES SPIT  
YOU WATCH THE TACHS COME TO A STOP  
THE GODDAMN THINGS HAVE QUIT  
THE SHIP WON'T FLOAT, YOU CAN NOT SWIM  
THE SHORE IS MILES BEHIND  
OH, WHAT A DISH FOR CRABS AND FISH  
BUT YOU WILL NEVER MIND  
(CHORUS)

WHILE FLYING OVER LAOS IN  
A MOHAWK OV-1  
THERE'S ONE TARGET LOTS OF FUN  
WITH SA-7'S, SAM'S AND MIG'S  
GODDAMN IT, IF I'M HIT  
IT'LL BE UP THERE ALL BY ITSELF  
CAUSE I WILL SHIT AND GIT  
(CHORUS)

YOU WILL NEVER MIND (CONT)

AND IF SOME WILY MIG-21  
SHOULD SHOOT YOU DOWN IN FLAMES  
DON'T SIT AROUND AND BELLYACHE  
AND CALL THE BASTARDS NAMES  
JUST HIT THE SILK, IT'S CREAM AND MILK  
AND PRETTY SOON YOU'LL FIND  
THERE IS NO HELL AND ALL IS WELL  
AND YOU WILL NEVER MIND  
(CHORUS)

---

COLD COLD WATER

ALL DAY AND NIGHT IN THIS MOHAWK KITE  
AND THE ONLY SIGHT IS WATER, COLD WATER  
INS AND I WITH HOPES HELD HIGH  
BUT TRACDS DIE OVER WATER, COLD SALT WATER

YOU'RE FLYING MIGHTY HIGH, WHEN WE  
HEAR THE PILOT SIGH, THAT THE ENGINES  
GOING TO DIE, AND I'LL SEE YOU BY  
AND BY, IN THE WATER

T.O. CAN'T YOU SEE, THAT BIG C-B  
WHERE THE LIGHTNING'S FLASHING FREE  
AND IT'S WAITING FOR YOU AND ME  
TO CRASH IN WATER, COLD SALT WATER  
ALL DAY WE TRACK, BOTH UP AND BACK  
WITHOUT A LACK OF WATER, COLD WATER

WE'RE LATE TO SHAD AND THINGS LOOK BAD  
I THINK WE'RE HAD--DANN WATER, COLD SALT WATER

KEEP A TURNING FANS, TILL AT LEAST WE'RE  
CLOSE TO LAND, WE'RE PARTNERS I'LL BE DAMNED, BUT  
WE'D RATHER DITCH IN SAND THAN WATER

T.O. CAN'T YOU SEE, THAT BIG C-B  
WHERE THE LIGHTNING'S FLASHING FREE  
AND IT'S WAITING THERE FOR YOU AND ME  
TO SPLASH--IN WATER, COLD SALT WATER

## BIG PRICK OF STEEL

I ONCE KNEW A SAILOR BEFORE HE DIED,  
I DON'T KNOW BUT THAT BASTARD LIED,  
HE MARRIED A MAIDEN WITH A SNATCH SO WIDE,  
THAT SHE COULD NEVER BE SATISFIED.

WOMB, CHI CHI, WOMB CHI CHI, WOMB CHI CHI, WOMB

HE BUILT HIMSELF A BIG FUCKING WHEEL,  
MOUNTED ON IT A BIG PRICK OF STEEL,  
TWO BALLS OF BRASS, THEY FILLED WITH BRYLCRAM,  
AND THE WHOLE DAMN THING WAS POWERED BY STEAM

WOMB CHI CHI, WOMB CHI CHI, WOMB CHI CHI, WOMB

AROUND AND AROUND WENT THAT BIG FUCKING WHEEL,  
IN AND OUT WENT THAT BIG PRICK OF STEEL,  
UNTIL ATLAST THE MAIDEN CRYED,  
"ENOUGH, ENOUGH," I'M SATISFIED

WOMB CHI CHI, WOMB CHI CHI, WOMB CHI CHI, WOMB

ALSO THERE WAS ONE FAULT IN IT  
THERE WAS NO WAY OF STOPPING IT,  
IT RIPPED THAT POOR MAIDEN FROM ASSHOLE TO TIT,  
AND THE WHOLE DAMN THING WENT UP IN SHIT.

WOMB CHI CHI, WOMB CHI CHI, WOMB CHI CHI, WOMB

## INTERVIEW WITH A PHANTOM PILOT

THE FOLLOWING INTERVIEW WAS RECORDED WHEN A CIVILIAN CORRESPONDENT INTERVIEWED A SHY, UNASSUMING AIR FORCE F4 PHANTOM JET FIGHTER PILOT. TO MAKE SURE THE TRUE AIR FORCE STORY WAS TOLD, THE WING INFORMATION OFFICER WAS ON HAND. THE CAPT. WAS FIRST ASKED HIS OPINION OF THE F4C PHANTOM.

"IT'S SO FUCKING MANEUVERABLE YOU CAN FLY UP YOUR OWN ASS WITH IT."

"WHAT THE CAPTAIN MEANS SO SAY IS THAT HE HAS FOUND THE F4C HIGHLY MANEUVERABLE AT ALL ALTITUDES AND HE CONSIDERS IT AN EXCELLENT AIRCRAFT FOR ALL MISSIONS ASSIGNED.

"I SUPPOSE CAPTAIN, THAT YOU'VE FLOWN A CERTAIN NUMBER OF MISSIONS IN NORTH VIET NAM. WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE SAM'S USED BY THE NORTH VIETNAMESE?"

"WHY THOSE BASTARDS COULDN'T HIT A BULL IN THE ASS WITH A BASS FIDDLE. WE FAKE THE SHIT OUT OF THEM. IT'S NO SWEAT!"

"WHAT THE CAPTAIN MEANS IS THAT THE SURFACE TO AIR MISSILES AROUND HANOI POSE A SERIOUS THREAT TO OUR AIR OPERATIONS AND THAT THE PILOTS HAVE A HEALTHY RESPECT FOR THEM."

"I SUPPOSE, CAPTAIN, THAT YOU'VE FLOWN MISSIONS TO THE SOUTH. WHAT KIND OF ORDNANCE DO YOU USE AND WHAT KIND OF TARGETS DO YOU HIT?"

"WELL, I TELL YA, MOSTLY WE AIM TO KICKING THE SHIT OUT OF VIETNAMESE VILLAGES, AND MY FAVORITE ORDNANCE IS NAPALM, MAN, THAT STUFF JUST SUCKS THE AIR RIGHT OUT OF THEIR FRIGGIN LUNGS AND MAKES A SON OF A BETCHIN FIRE."

"WHAT THE CAPTAIN MEANS IS THAT THE AIR STRIKES IN SOUTH VIET NAM ARE OFTEN AGAINST VIET CONG STRUCTURES, AND ALL OPERATIONS ARE ALWAYS UNDER THE POSITIVE CONTROL OF A FORWARD AIR CONTROLLER, OR FAC. THE ORDNANCE EMPLOYED IS CONVENTIONAL 500 and 750 POUND BOMBS AND 20 MILLIMETER CANNON FIRE."

"I SUPPOSE YOU WENT ON R&R IN HONG KONG. WHAT WAS YOUR IMPRESSION OF THE ORIENTAL GIRLS?"

"YEAH, I WENT TO HONG KONG, AND AS FAR AS THOSE ORIENTAL BROADS, WELL, IT DON'T MATTER WHICH WAY THE RUNWAY RUNS, EAST-WEST, NORTH-SOUTH, A PIECE FO ASS IS A PIECE OF ASS."

"WHAT THE CAPTAIN MEANS IS THAT HE FOUND THE DELICATELY FEATHERED ORIENTAL GIRLS MOST FASCINATING AND WAS VERY IMPRESSED WITH THEIR FINE MANNERS" AND THINKS THEIR NEAVETE MOST CHARMING"

"TELL ME, CAPTAIN, HAVE YOU FLOWN ANY MISSIONS OTHER THAN IN NORTH AND SOUTH VIET NAM?"

"YOU BET HUR SWEET ASS I'VE FLOWN OTHER MISSIONS THAN IN THE NORTH AND SOUTH. WE GET FRAGGED EVERY DAY FOR...THOSE BASTARDS THROW EVERYTHING AT YOU, EVEN THE KITCHEN SINK. EVEN THE GODDAMN KIDS GOT SLING-SHOTS."

"WHAT THE CAPTAIN MEANS IS THAT OCCASIONALLY HE FLIES MISSIONS IN THE EXTREME WESTERN DMZ, AND HE HAS A HEALTHY RESPECT FOR THE FLAK IN THAT AREA."

"I UNDERSTAND THAT NOBODY IN THE 12th TACTICAL FIGHTER WING HAS GOT A MIG YET. WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE PROBLEM?"

"WHY YOU SCREW HEAD, IF YOU KNEW ANYTHING ABOUT WHAT YOU ARE TAKKING ABOUT THE PROBLEM IS MIGS. IF WE'D GET FRAGGED BY THOSE PECKER HEADS AT SEVENTH FOR THOSE ENCOUNTERS IN MIG VALLEY, YOU'D BET YOUR ASS WE'D GET SOME OF THEM MOTHERS. THOSE GLORY HOUNDS AT UBON GET ALL THE FRAGS WHILE WE GO TO SETTLE FOR FIGHTIN' THE FRIGGIN' WAR. THOSE MOTHERS AT UBON ARE SITTION ON THEIR FAT ASSES KILLINNG MIGS WHILE WE GET STUCK BIMMING THOSE GODDAMN CABBAGE PATCHES."

"WHAT THE CAPTAIN MEANS IS THAT EACH ELEMENT OF THE SEVENTH AIR FORCE

IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THEIR ASSIGNED JOB IN THE AIR WAR. SOME ELEMENTS ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR NEUTRALIZING ENEMY AIR STRENGTH WHILE OTHER ELEMENTS ARE ASSIGNED BOMBING MISSIONS INTERDICTING ENEMY SUPPLY ROUTES."

"CAPTAIN, OF ALL THE TARGETS YOU'VE HIT IN VIET NAM, WHICH ONE WAS THE MOST SATISFYING?"

"WELL, SHIT. I TELL YOU, IT WAS THAT TIME I WAS FRAGGED ON A SUSPECTED VC VEGETABLE GARDEN. I DROPPED NAPALM IN THE MIDDLE OF THE FUCKING CABBAGE AND RUTABAGAS AND MY WING MAN SPLASED IT REAL GOOD WITH SIX 759 POUND MOTHERS AND SPREAD THE FIRE ALL THE WAY TO THE FRIGGIN BEETS AND CARROTS."

"WHAT THE CAPTAIN MEANS IS THAT THE GREAT VARIETY OF TACTICAL TARGETS AVAILABLE THROUGHOUT VIET NAM MAKE THE F4C THE PERFECT AIRCRAFT TO PROVIDE FLEXABLE RESPONSE."

"WHAT DO YOU CONSIDER TO BE THE MOST DIFFICULT TARGET YOU'VE STRUCK IN NORTH VIET NAM?"

"THE FRIGGIN BRIDGES. I MUSTA DROPPED FORTY TONS OF BOMBS ON THOSE SWAYIN BAMBOO MOTHERS AND I AIN'T HIT ON OF THE BASTARDS YET."

"WHAT THE CAPTAIN MEANS IS THAT INTERDICTING BRIDGES ALONG ENEMY ROUTES IS VERY IMPORTANT AND IS A QUITE DIFFICULT TARGET. THE BEST WAY TO ACCOMPLISH THIS TASK IS TO CRATER THE APPROACHE'S TO THE BRIDGES."

"I'VE NOTICED FROM TOURING, VEAROUS SECTIONS OF THE BASE ARE COVERED WITH ALUMINUM MATTING ON THE TAXEWAYS. WOULD YOU CARE TO COMMENT ON ITS USEFULNESS AND EFFECTIVENESS IN VIET NAM?"

"YOU'RE FUCKING RIGHT I'D LIKE TO MAKE A COMMENT, MOST OF US PILOTS ARE WELL HUNG, BUT YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT HUNG IS UNTIL YOU GET HUNG UP ON ONE OF THE BUMPS ON THE G@DDAMN STUFF."

"WHAT THE CAPTAIN MEANS IS THAT THE ALUMINUM MATTING QUITE SATISFACTORY AS A TEMPGRARY EXPEDIEKT, BUT REQUIRES SOME FINESSE IN TAXING AND BRAKING THE AIRCRAFT.

"DID YOU HAVE AN OPPORTUNITY TO MEET YOUR WIFE ON LEAVE IN HONOLULU, AND DID YOU ENJOY YOUR VISIT WITH HER?"

"YEAH, I NEW MY WIFE IN HONOLULU, BUT I FORGOT TO CHECK THE CALENDAR SO THE WHOLE FIVE DAYS WERE PRETTY WELL COMBAT PROOF. A COMPLETE DRY RUN."

"WHAT THE CAPTAIN MEANS IS THAT IT WAS WONDERFUL TO GET TOGETHER WITH HE'S WIFE AND FAMILY AND LEARN FIRST HAND JUST HOW THINGS WERE AT HOME?"

"THANK YOU FOR YOUR TIME CAPTAIN."

"SCREW YOU, WHY DON'T YOU BASTARD PRINT THE REAL STORY, INSTEAD OF ALL THAT CRAP?"

"WHAT THE CAPTAIN MEANS IS THAT HE ENJOYED THE OPPORTUNITY TO DISCUSS HIS TOUR WITH YOU?"

"OH, ONE FINAL QUESTION, CAPTAIN, COULD YOU REDUCE YOUR IMPRESSION OF THE WAR INTO A SIMPLE PHRASE OR STATEMENT?"

"YOU BET YOUR ASS I CAN, IT' A FUCKED UP WAR?"

"WHAT THE CAPTAIN MEANS IS IT'S A FUCKED UP WAR."

THE ATTAPOE JAIL  
(TUNE OF TIJUANA'S JAIL)

WE WENT ONE DAY  
ABOUT A MONTH AGO  
TO HAVE A LITTLE FUN  
AROUND ATAPOE  
WE ENDED UP  
IN A SHOOTING SPOT  
WHERE THE SAMS WERE FIRENG  
AND EIGHTY FIVES GLOWED HOT.

(CHORUS)

SO HERE WE ARE, IN THE ATAPOE JAIL  
WAITING FOR UNCLE TO GO OUR BAIL  
SO HERE WE'LL STAY, CAUSE HE WON'T PAY  
JUST SEND OUR MAIL--TO THE ATAPOE JAIL.

WE WERE SHOOTING DINKS,  
RACKING UP THE SCORE  
THAT'S WHEN I HEARD---THAT MISSILE ROAR  
WE STARTED TO JINX,  
WHEN THE AIRBORNE BLUE  
SAID "SPUD YOU'D BETTER PUNCH OUT  
CAUSE HE'S GOT YOU

(CHORUS)

WE LEFT THE PLANE  
TUNBLIN' IN MID AIR  
AND THEN WE LANDED  
IN THE ATAPOE SQUARE  
PULLED OUT OUR THIRTY EIGHTS  
DISCOVERED THEN AND THERE  
WE WERE SURROUNDED  
DIDN'T HVE A PRAYER

(CHORUS)

JUST FIVE MILLION DOLLARS,  
AND THEY WILL SET US FREE---  
I COULDN'T RAISE FIVE PIASTERS---  
IF YOU THREATENED ME

(CHORUS)

## I FLY THE LINE

I KEEP A CLOSE WATCH ON THIS COAST OF MINE,  
WE KEEP OUR SLAR WIDE OPEN ALL THE TIME,  
DIRECTING AIR STRIKES, A SPECIALTY OF MINE  
THIS MOHAWK' MINE, I FLY THE LINE

NIGHT PATROL ROUND DONG HOI'S REALLY GREAT,  
ITS AN OUT OF COUNTRY MISSION THAT I HATE,  
I'LL FLY AND FIND THEM ANYWHERE AND ANY TIME,  
THEIR ASS IS MINE, I FLY THE LINE.

SMALLS ARMS AND THIRTY-SEVENS I DON'T SWEAT,  
S-A-SEVENS, SAMS, AND MIGS IS WHAT I FRET,  
THOSE FLAK PUFFS FAR AWAY ARE EAGER SIGN,  
THIS SECTOR'S MINE, I FLY THE LINE.

ARMED WITH RADAR AND NOTHING ELSE WE GO.  
OUT ~~TO~~ MAP WHAT WE CAN'T SEE AND HOPE TO KNOW,  
WHERE ~~DOD~~ CHARLIE RUNS AND HIDES AND SPENDS HIS TIME  
THEIR ASS IS MINE, I FLY THE LINE.

WHEN WE FIND CHARLEY ON THE GROUND WE CALL FOR AIR,  
THEN WE DODGE SAMS AND MIGS TILL THEY GET THERE  
~~THEY'LL HIT THAT CONVOY~~ RUNNIN' ON THE NORTH-SOUTH LINE  
THEIR ASS IS MINE---I FLY THE LINE.

---

## STRAFE THE DMZ (TUNE: JINGLE BELLS)

FLYING THROUGH THE SKY, IN A HAWK OV-1A  
FLYING THROUGH THE FLAK, NEVER LOOKING BACK.  
THROUGH THE HILLS WE DODGE, FOR SAMS ARE CALLED AYAY,  
WHAT FUN IT IS TO BOMB AND STRAFE THE DMZ TODAY,

JINGLE BELLS, SOUNDS LIKE HELL, MOHAWKS ALL THE WAY,  
OH WHAT FUN IT IS TO SHOOT THE DMZ EACH DAY, HEY:  
~~THIRTY~~ CALS, ~~FIFTY~~ CALS, NAILS AND ROCKETS TOO  
OUR CHRISTMAS GIFT TO YOU.

DA NANG LULLABYE

(TUNE: MY BONNIE LIES OVER THE OCEAN)

I WENT OFF TO SOUTHEAST ASIA  
TO FIGHT MY OWN WAR IN THE AIR  
I'VE SPENT HALF MY TOUR IN A BUNKER  
TO LIVE LIKE A RAT JUST AIN'T FAIR

CHORUS

ROLL IN, ROLLIN  
MY GOD HOW THE ROCKETS ROLL IN, ROLL IN  
ROLL IN, ROLL IN,  
MY GOD HOW THE ROCKETS ROLL IN

EACH DAY I GO OFF TO FLY COMBAT  
AND THEN HAVE A BEER WHEN I RETURN  
I USUALLY FINISH THE FIRST ONE  
BEFORE INCOMING ROUNDS START TO BURN  
(CHORUS)

EACH MORNING WE GO OFF TO COMBAT  
AT DAWN IN THE CLOUDS, FOG, AND RAIN  
THE GREENS ARE UP EVEN SOONER,  
TO RECAPTURE THE RAMP AT DA NANG  
CHORUS

AND NOW THAT MY TOUR IS ALL OVER  
I'LL RESUME THE LIFE THAT I LED  
MY WIFE THINKS THAT IT'S RATHER SILLY  
TO BUILD BUNKERS OVER OUR BED  
CHORUS:

WE'VE BEEN MAPPING CHARLIES RAILROAD

WE'VE BEEN MAPPING CHARLIES RAILROAD  
EVERY FUCKING DAY  
WE'VE BEEN MAPPING CHARLIE'S RAILROAD  
UP TOWARD VINH'S AIRWAYS

UNCLE HO AIN'T GOT NO RAILROAD  
NO ROLLING STOCK OR SWITCHES  
BUT SAIGON FRAGS US ON THE RAILROAD  
THOSE DIRTY SONS OF BITCHES

WE'VE BEEN MAPPIN (CONT)

SAM'S GALORE, THIRTY SEVENS TOO  
FIFTY SEVENS, SA-7's TOO  
FUCK, PIS, HATE SHIT HOT TOO  
SO WHAT THE HELL IS NEW

SOMEONE'S UP A TREE ON THUD RIDGE  
SOMEONE'S IN THE DRINK I KNOW COOOOO  
SOMENONE'S IN THE KARAT NEAR DONG HOI  
SHOUTING ON THE RADIO

SHOUTIN, FEE, FI FIDDLY I OHHH  
FEE, FI FIDDLY I OH OH OHOH  
FEE, FI JOLLY GREEN OH  
LESS THAN FIVE MORE DAYS TO GO

I'VE GOT A HUNDRED AND SIXTY VC IN THE OPEN  
I FOUND A TRUCK LOAD OF NORTH VIETNAMESE  
I'VE GO TO CALL SOME AIR, GIV A STRIKE DOWN THERE  
BEFORE THEY MAKE IT TO THE TREES

I'VE GOT A HUNDRED AND SIXTY VC IN THE OPEN,  
IT'S A TARGET THAT YOU DON'T FIND EVERYDAY  
SO I CALLS THE DASC AND I QUICKLY ASK  
WON'T YOU PLEASE GET SOME FIGHTERS ON THE WAY

NOW NUMBER ONE SHOULD HAVE SOME GUNS AND"  
A LOAD OF WHAT THEY CALL "INSTUDABELL"  
SEND NUMBER TWO WITH CHU's AND WHEN THEY GET HERE  
WE'LL REALLY GONNA GIVE THEM HELL

I'VE GOT A HUNDRED AND SIXTY VC IN THE OPEN  
AND I'M MARKING THEM WITH MY MOHAWK FROM ABOVE  
I'VE GOT MY WILLIE PEE SPLASHING AT THEIR FEET,  
IT'S A SHIT HOT SITUATION THAT I LOVE

- WE'RE GONNA TEAR DOWN THE SPUD BAR WE'RE GAONNA BUILD A NEW BAR	B000000 RAYYYY
IT'S ONLY GONNA BE A FOOT WIDE BUT IT'LL BE A MILE LONG	B000000 RAYYYY
THERE'LL BE NO BARTENDERS IN OUR BAR WE'RE GONNA HAVE BARMAIDS	B0000000 RAYYYYY
OUR BARMAIDS WILL WEAR LONG DRESSES MADE OF CELLOPHANE	B000000 RAYYYYY
YOU CAN'T TAKE OUR BARMAIDS HOME THEY'LL TAKE YOU HOME	B000000 RAYYYY
YOU CAN'T SLEEP WITH OUR BARMAIDS THEY WON'T LET YOU SLEEP	B000000 RAYYYYY
BEER IS GONNA BE 50¢ A GLASS WHISKEY WILL BE FREE	B00000 RAYYYYY
ONLY ONE DRINK TO A CUSTOMER SERVED IN A BUCKET	B00000 RAYYYY
NO GIRLS WILL BE ALLOWED ABOARD THE FIRST FLOOR WITH THEIR CLOTHES ON	B0000 RAYYY
THERE'LL BE NO LOVING ON THE DANCING FLOOR AND NO DANCING ON THE LOVING FLOOR	B00000 RAYYYY

SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTER

WELL, SHE WAS PURE, AND SHE WAS MIGHTY,  
VICTIM OF A RICH MAN'S WHIM  
'TIL SHE MET THAT CHRISTIAN GOV'NOR  
GEORGE C. WALLACE  
AND SHE HAD A CHILD BY HIM. (A CHILD BY HIM)

NOW HE SITS, IN LEGISLATURE,  
MAKING LAWS FOR ALL MANKIND,  
WHILE SHE WALKS, THE STREETS OF DOOTHAN ALABAMA  
SELLING GRAPE, FROM HER GRAPE VINE. (FROM HER GRAPE VINE)

NOW THE MORAL, OF THIS STORY,  
IS TO NEVER TAKE A RIDE  
WITH ALABAMA' CHRISTIAN GOV'NOR  
GEORGE C. WALLACE,  
AND YOU'LL BE, A VIRGIN BRIDE. (A VIRGIN BRIDE.)

QUANG TRI ROAD

ALMOST HEAVEN--MARBLE MOUNTAIN  
DA NANG AIR BASE, DOWN IN ROCKET VALLEY.  
MOHAWKS RSSING, OFF TO MEET THE NIGHT  
MISTY SHADES OF GROUND FOG--BLACK OUT COMBAT FLIGHT  
(CHORUS)  
QUANG TRI ROAD, GUIDE ME HOME  
TO THE BASE, I BELONG--MARBLE MOUNTAIN, BLESSED AIRFIELD,  
GUIDE ME HOME, QUANG TRI ROAD

I HEAR A VOICE IN THE EVENING AS SHE CALLS ME  
RADIOS REMIND ME I'M TWELVE THOUSAND MILES FROM HOME.  
FLYING DOWN THE ROAD I SEE THE FEELING THAT I SHOULD  
HAVE BEEN HOME YESTERDAY---YESTERDAY  
(CHORUS)

ROCKETS FALLIN ALL AROUND US,  
SIRENS WAILING, RUNNIN FOR THE BUNKERS  
CHOPPERS SCRAMBLIN OFF TO FIND THE FOE-  
WE FIND WOUNDED, AND SOME WHO'LL SING NO MORE.  
(CHORUS)

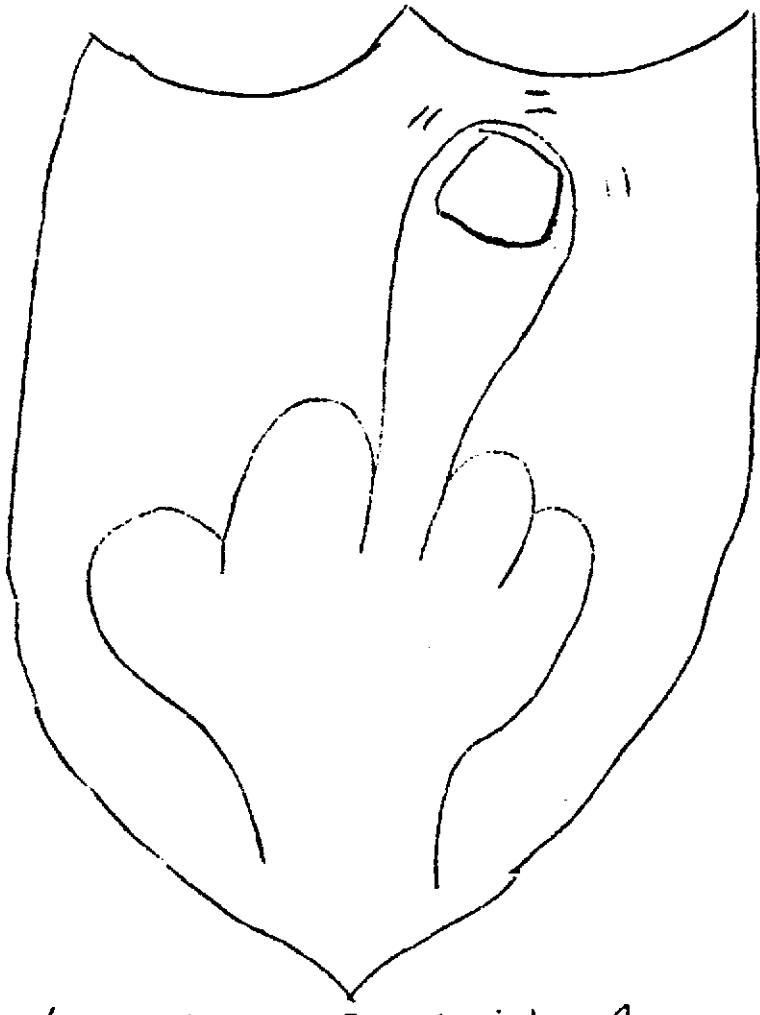
I HEAR A VOICE IN THE NIGHT I HEAR HIM CALLIN  
STINGER UP ON GUARD TO SAY HE'S LOST FAR FROM HOME--  
PANAMA REMINDS HIM THAT HIS FLIGHT PLAN SAYS HE SHOULD  
HAVE BEEN HOME YESTERDAY---YESTERDAY  
(CHORUS)

I HEAR A VOICE ON THE RADIO A SCREAMIN  
MAYDAY--SPUD IS SHOT TO HELL THREE HUNDRED NORTH OF HOME  
I SIT AND LISTEN HELPLESS AS HE SAYS "I WISH I'D HAD MY  
DEROS YESTERDAY---YESTERDAY  
(CHORUS)

SOMETIMES AT NIGHT I HAVE HEARD THE GHOSTLY ECHOES--  
ECHOES OF THE PAIN OF NINE SPUDS CLASPED FAR FROM HOME  
PRAYIN THAT THEIR WIVES AND CHILDREN BACK AT HOME  
CONTINUE TO REMEMBER THEM---REMEMBER THEM

QUANG TRI ROAD, TAKE US HOME  
TO THE STATES, WHERE WE BELONG  
'CROSS THE OCEAN, MY OWN COUNTRY  
FREEDOM BIRD, TAKE US HOME

THESE LYRICS WEEE COMPOSED BY 1LT DAVIS, CW-2 PROSSER, AND 1LT KILLACKKEY  
AND DEDICATED TO THE THIRTY THREE SPUDS--PILOTS AND T.O.'S---WHO HAVE LOST  
THEIR LIVES OR BEEN CAPTURED IN THE SIX YEARS THAT WE HAVE WORKED IN THE  
REPUBLIC OF VIET NAM.



Legion of Merit Award for Spuds

Shit Hot Spuds Motto:

May you always give a FUCK